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GENERAL AGENTS.

Rev. JAMES KAYE, St. Louis, Missouri.

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ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

CANNING.

The war-horse beats the crimson vest plain,
Ere his head above battalions slain,
Scorn of the hills and winds the valley through,
Then turns his lightning course with pride to view—
So flits the death shot on the stormy wind,
Rings that proud horse and leaves his life behind;—
So Canning, on the plains of fortune thrown,
Flew off the course and made the goal his own.

The eagle on the whirlwind's frantic wing,
Swoops upward far and wildly careering
Till darts of fire from murky clouds eject,
And Jove himself cannot his bird protect;—
So Canning on his spirit wing was lost—
So fell his life at Albion's countless cost;
He left his breath among the stars of night,
And sought in haste the realms of endless light.

The gallant vessel rolls the billows o'er,
But wrecks far distant from the wish'd-for shore—
Stems howl above—the keel of ocean yells,
And waves sink beneath the mountain swells;—
So Canning, on life's weary voyage thrown,
Heard bleak winds hiss—unearthly thunders groan,
Grew pale at terror's brazen trumpet tongue,
And turn'd his feet untimely grave's mound.

Rest, Canning rest; too dull thine ear to hear
Volcanic voices sullen murmuring near;
The thrones of earth are based on smothered fire,
And hasten the hour of long imprisonment here;
How red that day the glorious sun shall set
When crown and spear and royal coronet
No more on earth usurp Jehovah's throne,
Where He shall sit—ineffable—alone.

But, Canning, on the resurrection morn,
When kings shall leave their bloody beds forlorn,
On Freedom's roll thy name may haply stand
With Virtue's pure, emancipated band,
Where heroes are white and martyrs' robes are snow
And beauteous waters of salvation flow—
Tensend one day immortal in glory bright
Exceeds ten thousand days of earth's delight.

PULPIT SKETCHES.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

THE SORROWS OF CHRIST.

My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death.
Matt. xxvi. 38.
Language can be more expressive than the words themselves;—they are the sweet, plaintive breathings hearted into mingled sensations of regret, sorrow, and pain. They are the true expressions of devotion and piety, and interesting and pathetic, and well calculated to elicit corresponding sympathies from those capable of feeling and realizing the sorrows of which they complain. They are the words of the Son of God in the extremity of His agonies in the garden of Gethsemane. He had just celebrated the passover with His disciples, and the affectionate and touching scene in which He instituted the breaking of bread and drinking of wine, to commemorate His approaching passion and cruel death, awakened their feelings and cast a shade of deep melancholy over their minds. After this memorable scene, He accompanied them to the Mount of Olives and mingled with them for the last time in singing a hymn—after which He enters the garden of agony, leaving Himself from His disciples, begins to feel the bitterness of sin, the full weight of transgression, and the heavy curse of a broken law.

"He sunk beneath our heavy woes
To raise us to His throne;
There a gift His hand bestows,
But cost His heart a groan."

CHRIST'S SUFFERINGS.

The sufferings of His body.—No part left that was not smitten with stripes and wounds—His skin was rent with whips and scourges; His hands and feet were nailed; His head pierced with thorns; His heart stabbed through with the point of a spear; His senses at once overcharged with what torment, wit, or malice could invent. "He gave back to the smiters and His cheeks to them that plucked off the hair, and hid not His face from shame and spitting."

He careless ones, behold the whips trickling with blood! the iron nails entering His flesh, the up-lifting hammer driving them through the parting, slivering, mangled veins.

Who tread in the footsteps of His murderers, and daily by repeated acts of transgression, cry out—away with him—away with him—crucify him—crucify him; look upon the Lord of life and glory, nailed in his purple robes; his head crowned with a crown of thorns, his back smarting from the cruel scourge, and his face all disfigured and bloody; while he looks, be covered with shame and confusion of face.

The sons and daughters of pleasure, take off your eyes from building vanity, and gaze, if ye can without grief, upon the Son of God expiring on the accursed cross. Behold the bed on which He reclines his weary limbs; it is not strewn with roses, nor spread with down; it is a racking cross on which He lies! He has his fainting head on a pillow of thorns. Witness how many hours He hangs by the iron spikes, suspended between heaven and earth, bleeding at every pore, in the most excruciating agonies.

"See, from his hands, his head, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thine compass so rich a crown."

The sufferings of His soul.—The pains of the body, however excruciating and protracted, when compared to the sufferings of the soul, are trifling and insignificant. Give me any grief, says the wise man, but the grief of the heart. The spirit of a man will bear bodily infirmities, but what shall support a wounded spirit?

We may have some faint idea of the sufferings of the Redeemer's soul from his unheard of sweat in the garden. There is no manner of violence offered to His body; no man near Him; in a sharp night; in the open air, and lying upon the cold earth, to be all in a sweat, and that of blood, which hung in great drops, ran through his apparel, and mixing with the evening dew, sprinkled the earth on which He lay.

"Oh, Lamb of God, was ever pain,
Was ever love like thine?"

The ancient Greek liturgy has in it this moving petition on the occasion:—By thine unknown sorrows and sufferings, by thee felt, but to us incomprehensible, have mercy upon us and save us.

All the powers of darkness beset him, the sin of the whole world oppressed him, the cup of his Father's wrath, mingled with the bitter ingredients was given him to drink.

In the hour of his greatest distress and need, He finds none to comfort him. The Son of God, the innocent Jesus, came to his own, and his own received him not. And those who had apparently taken a special interest in his public labors, among whom He had gone healing, and teaching, and feeding, doing good to their bodies and souls, now cry, "not this man, but Barabbas,—away with him—crucify him." In the midst of his agonies on Calvary, they shake their heads, saying, "ah, thou wretch!" and, at his most disconsolate cry, "Eli, Eli," deride him with, "let be, let us see whether Elias will come to take him down."

His chosen twelve who had been his companions in tribulation; some buy and sell him, others deny him with oaths and curses, and all, one after another, fall away and leave Him to his cruel fate.

His Father hides his face from him,—for upon that dreadful cry, "My God, my God! why hast thou forsaken me!" that cry which moved heaven and earth, eclipsed the brightness of the sun, and plunged the world in darkness,—that cry which rent the rocks, opened the graves, shook creation, filled the angels of God with wonder, Satan's host with joy,—which sounded a fearful knell to the guilty Jews, struck their temple, rent the veil of the sanctuary, and through the vast profound, awakened many saints from the sleep of ages—after this most alarming cry, He presently adds, "it is finished." He then bows his head and gives up the ghost.

In short, we may behold the blessed Jesus, from his entrance into the world, in the form of sinful man, to his expiring on the cross, and we shall see a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief, overcharged with suffering and tortured by cruelties the most barbarous, insulting, and degrading; yet supported in a manner which proves his nature divine, constituted to bear the sin of the whole world in his own body upon the tree, for God was in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself—and whether we behold him laboring for the good of souls, healing the diseases of the body, in the synagogue or the mountain, at the well of Samaria or at the pool of Siloam, weeping over the grave of Lazarus, or restoring the widow's son to life, feeding the multitude, or blessing the bread and wine at the last supper, weeping in the garden of agony, or meekly giving himself up to his enemies—arrayed in the purple robe before Pilate, or bound to the bloody pillar, tracking his way up Calvary, or hanging on the cross, we see the Divinity throwing His splendor round about him, and wrapping him up in His ineffable majesty, supporting his holy soul in its most horrible anguish, yet so intimately blended with his humanity, that we are overwhelmed in the blaze of that matchless love which brought them to unite, and triumphing over every obstacle, even in his expiring throes, shines out the most glorious feature in the tragic scene.

THE CAUSE OF CHRIST'S SUFFERINGS.

They have been attributed to the wrath of God because the holy scriptures say that Christ is the lamb of God slain from the foundation of the world; that he was ordained, set apart, qualified and prepared by God the Father to suffer in man's place—the just for the unjust. Says the apostle, God spared not his own Son. Now it even pleased the Father to bruise him and put him to grief. He hath laid upon him the iniquity of us all. "Awake," says the evangelical prophet, "O sword against my shepherd, against the man that is my fellow savior the Lord of Hosts"—smite and spare not. But there is no wrath in God. "Wrath is not in me," is his own express declaration. Such a principle had no existence before the fall in any creature, until a fall from God produced it in angels and men. Wrath is no where but in the creature and no where in the creature but where it has turned itself away from God who is love. For man was originally created in righteousness and true holiness without any moral impurity, or any kind of propensity to sin, but free to stand or fall. That he fell from this state and became morally corrupt in his nature is plainly proved by scripture, reason and experience. Wrath is the issue of disorder, born and begotten by the sin of Adam, and this sin may be termed the wrath of God, inasmuch as it was the primary cause of Christ's unparalleled sufferings and cruel death. The wickedness of man moved the Almighty to pity and to resolve to relieve him; and there being no other way to do this consistently with their own perfections and the nature of man's case, but by the exhibition of his justice in the sacrifice of his only begotten Son, he freely offered him up for that purpose.

The divine precept given to Adam was, "in the day thou eatest of the tree of knowledge thou shalt surely die," so that when he transgressed the law, sin entered into the world and its dreadful consequences, and he became an alien from his God and the joys of Paradise, and his entire destruction would not have lingered one moment but for the promise of a Saviour, who, in due time, was to satisfy divine justice, make atonement for transgression, and open a wide and effectual door for the free and honorable exercise of grace and mercy to the whole world of mankind; so that God can now, through the atoning blood of Jesus Christ, be just, and the justifier of the ungodly.

It was sin, therefore, which drew down the thunder-bolts of justice upon Jehovah's fellow, rendered him demands great, her terms severe, and her manner inflexible. It was sin that caused all the Redeemer's sufferings, and it was for poor miserable man that He endured the cross and despised the shame. He was wounded for our transgressions and bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon him, and with his stripes we are to be healed.

It was to redeem a guilty world from the effects of sin here and hereafter, and to make rebels the partners of his throne and the children of his love, that He poured out his soul unto death, and was numbered with transgressors and bare the sin of many. We, sinners, then, are equally guilty with the Jewish Sanhedrim, the infuriated soldiery, and the blood-thirsty multitude who insulted and slew the adorable Jesus. We have borne a part in all the horrid acts done to

him in the garden, in Pilate's hall, and on the cross. It was in the hard struggle to atone for sin, that he sweat great drops of blood, and cried out upon the cross when he was sorely oppressed by an accumulation of sorrows and sufferings, "My God, my God! why hast thou forsaken me?" All this was due to the children of men by a departure from the living God; and now being found in the likeness of man by taking on him our flesh, and standing in our stead, he brings down the judgment due to sin upon his own head, and from that deadly blow it receives in his own bosom, a sovereign balm is found for every wound—a cordial for our fears.

So, then, the love of Christ is manifest towards us, in his having undertaken freely and patiently gone through the most wretched state of the worst of sinners, that the worst of sinners might, through Him, have courage to approach the mercy seat and become reconciled to God. And the eternal and unalterable love of the Father towards us, his poor, lost creatures, is also manifested. For it became Him for whom are all things, in bringing many sons unto glory, to make the Captain of their salvation perfect through sufferings.

WHAT INESTIMABLE BLESSINGS AND BENEFITS GROW OUT OF CHRIST'S SUFFERINGS?

We were heirs of wrath and exposed to eternal punishment without the bare possibility of escaping the divine retribution. Worse than Egyptian darkness enveloped our souls and the destroying angel hastened to execute the dreadful sentence, cut them down—but lo! through the blood of Christ, the true Paschal Lamb, the destroyer passes over our dwelling.

We are exiles in this abode of our fallen race, poor and friendless, treading like the blasted Cain, an unhallowed shore; but through Christ's redeeming grace a door of hope is opened—a great, wide and effectual door; and at its threshold stands Almighty Love ready to administer an entrance to our purchased possessions, bequeathed to us by the last testament, and the dying words of our gracious Redeemer, Saviour and friend.

And do we pay no regard to this great, this illustrious, unlooked for proof of God's disinterested love for poor sinners? Can we remain untouched, our hearts unbroken and our attention fixed on other subjects, less interesting subjects however great and important in a worldly sense when compared to the sufferings and death of the Holy Jesus, lighter than vanity and less than the small dust of the balance? Can we be regardless of his mighty sufferings, to redeem our souls from hell and give us heaven? Can we join our voices to those of the giddy multitude to insult the Saviour? Can we trifle with Jesus? What can we make light of his tears, his groans, his bloody sweat in the garden, the severity of the scourge, the torture of the crown of thorns?

Let us trace his footsteps to Calvary; there let us stand and gaze, pause and consider! If at such a place with such a scene, we can trifle, what would angels think! more struck with grief who can tell? "Around the bloody tree, how many a sigh was breathed,
That wondrous sight to see the Lord of life expire;
And could their eyes have known a tear,
In sad surprise had dropt it there."

PASTIME, NO. VIII.

When deep depression sinks the mind,
Where can the enfeebled bosom find
A source of sweet repose?
Say, what can heal the restless smart,
Inflicted on the human heart,
By life's corroding woes?
Religion pure, from thee we know,
Doth unexhausted pleasures flow—
Through thee alone is given
A thousand joys, whose smiling birth,
Makes home a home of peace on earth,
And fits us still for heaven.

Many elaborate treatises have been written to elucidate the meaning of this single word—Religion. But there are no words which express its meaning more clearly than the following from the lips of Jesus—"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength; and thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets." St. James saith, "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this:—To visit the fatherless in their affliction, and to keep himself unstained from the world." Here the apostle, by a figure of speech sometimes used in the sacred writings, puts the effect for the cause—that is, he mentions the effects which religion invariably produces in those who profess it, for the principle of religion itself. The summum bonum of religion then, is expressed in one word—Love. Loving the Lord with all our heart and our neighbor as ourselves, is religion and the fulfilling of the law. But the enjoyment of this principle presupposes a work of grace on the heart; for men in a state of unregeneracy do not love God, but rather, their carnal mind is enmity against Him; and Jesus once said to some of the Jews, "I know you, that ye have not the love of God in you." Conviction of sin—repentance, and a renewal of the heart in the image of God, must precede the enjoyment of religion. Wherever religion is enjoyed, it may be known by the effects which it produces. "If I love me, ye will keep my commandments," saith the Saviour. Such keep themselves "unstained from the world." It begets a charitable and benevolent disposition in all who enjoy it—they visit the widow and the fatherless in their affliction—they delight to assuage the woes of the distressed, and to contribute of their substance to satisfy the wants of the necessitous every where.

Without religion, there is no such thing as permanent happiness. The mind without it is like the troubled sea, whose waters cannot rest, continually rising—falling and rolling, without rest and composure. It "sings rest, but finds none," because happiness is sought where it is not to be found. Happiness is found alone in God—and it is in loving Him that the saint finds a source of sweet repose—a home of peace on earth. Religion opens to the pious mind a world of joy—a state of felicity and rest indescribable in its nature and eternal in its duration. The comfort and blessedness of religion may be tested in a measure by the estimation in which it is held by those who enjoy it. Go to the humble dwelling of that afflicted saint—listen to his tale of sorrow—poured forth from a heart long pressed down by "life's corroding woes." Ask him its value.—"Oh! it is an inestimable treasure—more precious than silver and gold, or all that this world can afford. I know well its value—I have tried its reality!"

"The guilty passions bring their flight—
Sorrow, remorse, affliction cease;
Religion's yoke is soft and light,
And all her paths are paths of peace."

It is truly the "one thing needful"—the high and low, rich and poor, bond and free, rulers and ruled, stand in perishing need of this heaven-born principle. Religion curbs the violent passions of the carnal mind

—subdues the enmity of the unregenerate heart—regulates the angry dispositions of the unsanctified soul—regulates and governs the words and actions of all who possess it. It is "when sorrow bows the spirit down" that the pious soul feels its consoling efficacy. It is in times of adversity that it sheds its most cheering influences upon the benighted mind, raising it above the dominion of suffering and the fear of death. Religion sweetens all the comforts and blessings of this world—fits us for all the duties of life—elevates the mind above the weight of toil and sufferings—prepares us to meet death with composure; and points us beyond the grave to a heaven of eternal repose.
September 1, 1827.

REFLECTIONS ON TIME.

It has been justly observed by an able writer, that "time is a fragment of eternity broken off at each end." It is that portion of duration which is measured by the revolutions of the heavenly bodies. Its flight is rapid; and the importance of improving it is infinite. On the improvement which we make of time hangs our everlasting destinies. With this awful, and to some heart-rending, and to others soul-inspiring truth before me, reader, permit me to inquire of you what improvement you have made of your days which have rolled into the world unknown. Can you discover anything in that mirror which memory holds up before you, that is not reason to blush with shame and confusion of face that the book of memory is blotted all over, or is one vast blank? If this is the case with you, and it is probable that it is the case with many; what is there in your life to distinguish it from mere existence? What better are you than the brutes that perish? Like you they sleep and they awake; like you they eat and they drink.

Is it not folly in the extreme thus to degrade and sink the dignity of nature on a level with the beasts that perish? May God forbid that man, the most noble of all his creatures, should be chargeable with such folly. Let me ask you what you have been doing ever since you entered upon the theatre of human life? Have you been striving to enter in at the strait gate—to counteract the effects of the fall? Have you been making your calling and election sure by exercising faith in the merits of the Redeemer and Saviour of men; and by sincerely repenting of all your sins? Have you adorned the doctrine of God your Saviour, by professing a good profession before many witnesses, and adorning that profession with a holy life? Has your mind been enriched with the treasures of wisdom? Has your life been marked by deeds of charity, benevolence and piety, by which you have hoped to lay up a good foundation against the time to come? In view of your past life can you adopt the language of a pious and venerable saint of old and say, "O that I were as in months past, as in the days when God preserved me; as in the days of my youth, when the candle of the Lord shined upon my head; when the Almighty was yet with me; when the ear heard me, then it blessed me, when the eye saw me, it gave witness to me, because I delivered the poor that cried, the fatherless, and him that had none to help him. I was eyes to the blind; feet was I to the lame; I was a father to the poor; and the cause that I knew not, I searched out. The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me; and I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy." Unless you have done these things, you have been sleeping, although you have dreamed that you were awake. You have been a blank in the universe. Reader, I now sincerely ask you if it is not time to awake from your slumbers and be active. The time is now passing that decides and seals your fate for ever. The minutes and hours are at this instant on the wing, upon which your everlasting destiny depends. And what report think you they are carrying to be recorded in that great book on high, where all the actions of thy life have been registered. Is it not high time for you to look about yourself? Is not the ground on which you are standing precarious? Oh for once be serious, and "whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might, for there is no knowledge, nor work, nor wisdom, nor device, in the 'gloomy' grave whither thou goest."

Do not say, because you have not defrauded your neighbor—been a thief, or a highwayman, that your life has been innocent. Think of the obligations by which you are bound to love your Creator and Benefactor, and have your life and all the powers of your soul consecrated to his service. And have you given God your heart? Have you rendered him your service? If not you are unjust—you are a robber; robbing Jehovah of his just due. Remember that God has put a price into your hands to get wisdom; he has given you a talent to improve, and his mandate is, occupy till I come. If you, like the slothful servant in the gospel, wrap it up in a napkin and hide it in the earth, you will do it at your peril. You will meet with a fate similar to his; you will be cast into outer darkness, and condemned to weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth. That poor wretch was neither a thief nor a murderer. He probably thought as you do, that he had done no harm. But is it no harm to treat the commands of Jehovah with neglect and contempt? Is it no harm to trifle with your soul, and neglect your eternal salvation? Is it no harm to kill time, and trifle it away in idleness and dissipation? Such a course, reader, will turn the scale of your eternal doom. You are probably aware that by the irrevocable law of nature we are all hurried with an irresistible rapidity to the abyss of eternity, from whence there is no return. A few days more will land you and me in a world of spirits. The time is short. "We are as guests in a strange land, who tarry but one night." We wander up and down in a place of graves. We read the epitaphs upon the tombs of the deceased. We shed a few tears over the ashes of the dead; and in a little time, we need from our surviving friends the tears we paid to the memory of our friends departed.

Time is irrevocable; no tears nor lamentations, nor bitter upbraidings can possibly recall the golden hours and days which have rolled by. Like the star, they have set to rise no more. Like the flood, they have rolled away never to return. Reader, lay this heart. The clock is wound up once for all; the hand is fast advancing; and in a little time strikes your last hour."

"Vain man, thy fond pursuits forbear;
Repent—thy end is nigh—
Death at the farthest can't be far,
O, think before you die."

Reflect, thou hast a soul to save—
Thy sins how high they mount;
What art thou hoping beyond the grave;
How stands that dark account?"

Dorchester, Mass. Sept. 18.

C. R.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

DUELING.

Mr. Editor.—This sin is gaining ground in our land so fast, as justly to alarm us. In treating this subject, odious as it is, we desire to be candid; and give our opponents all the ground that they can reasonably claim; say more, and then they must own that it

cannot be by them defended. Wrongs and injuries may be committed which no human tribunal can redress; this will not excuse duels because the results show, that he who was in the wrong conquers as often, at least, as he who has suffered the injury or provocation. He must be guilty of willful falsehood, who asserts that the conqueror is always the one, who had justice on his side. They know better than to say this; and the consequence is irresistible, that the practice cannot be defended upon the principles of justice. We admit that a man possessing a high sense of honor may be excited to a high degree of anger on the reception of an insult; and if an immediate affray was to take place, we might, as *criticisms*, be disposed to look to the weakness of human nature for a degree of palliation; but duelling cannot fly to this poor shelter. The duellist always has time to cool before the battle. There is, therefore, no excuse in human passion for this sin. But the civil law fails to correct it; because its officers will not execute their duty. We have a right to say this, because such has been the report, in substance, of a Committee of the House of Representatives in Congress, but a few years ago. Are the religious part of the nation to submit in silence to this horrible evil? It is indeed vain to write against it, for the duellist neither reads, nor regards religious productions. It is perhaps of little use to argue against it, in the sacred desk, for he does not go there to receive instruction. When an evil exists and a remedy is sought for, it is proper to consider the moving cause of the disease. It may be difficult to trace it fully; in the case in question. Two young lawyers, from the neighborhood of the writer of this article, set up their business at the south, and became eminent; more so than most of their brethren of the bar there, who were not so trustworthy, by reason of their vices. The latter perceiving this, challenged them, merely for the purpose of killing them out of their way; and they effected their purpose, and shot them dead like assassins. You know, Mr. Editor who writes this: the names of these two murdered young men will be given to any reputable inquirer.

Such, however, is not the most general cause of duels. Those who fight them, affirm, that they contend for the sake of their honor. Perhaps it is usually true: the correct remedy therefore is, to dignify them for doing it. The Christians of the United States can do it, if they will come to a solemn resolve; not to promote by their votes, any man, who shall hereafter fight a duel; and earnestly pray to God to enable them to keep this resolution. We have great reason from the Bible to believe that God, who hears the sincere prayers of all his obedient children, will answer this request, and enable them to remember and abide by their resolve. Why may we not hope that the next General Conference will adopt this resolution for themselves and recommend it to every branch of the Methodist connexion, to do the same? It is not desired that they should make their retro-spective; as it would hardly be advisable for several reasons; but we know of no objection to it, if it is prospective only.

If any one doubts the urgency of this course, we earnestly request him to reflect on the great increase of the evil, and the enormity of the sin. Every man, acquainted with the divine law, will admit that law condemns it, as murder. It is murder by human law; and reason ratifies the decision. We need not say much to convince all pious persons of the heinous nature of murder; nor that our God will be displeased with his subjects, if they do not try to prevent it, by every lawful means within their power. The Methodist order is happily so far suited, as to have as much inducement to attempt it, as any other denomination can have, by means of their connexion. This is not said as a compliment; far from this,—it is said to prove the duty of action. Is not this reason a good one? Please permit me to speak out plainly what I sincerely believe to be true. 1. I think the Methodist order the closest connexion of any sect in the United States; 2. That they can act more easily than any other to prevent duelling; and 3. If they do not do it, I humbly beg them to consider, whether, God will not be more offended at their omission than that of others less united! "I speak as to wise men; judge ye what I say." Neither they, nor the writer, have any individual temporal gain in view. To prevent the awful increase of murder is our only object; and to this point, the public attention ought to be strongly aroused to decisive activity. Is it not safe to take this course? What harm can possibly arise from it? Is it not in character for Christians to unite to prevent sin? Who can blame them for so doing? Will not other denominations join in this procedure? and will it not be an honor to the Christian cause to have them do so? It cannot "hurt the oil and the wine"—for "no murderer hath eternal life abiding in him." Should any one object that "no church ever did such a thing as this," we would reply, that no society for the abolition of slavery was ever formed till a few years ago, and yet such have had a great and beneficial effect among many nations. No Sunday schools were established till lately; and every one is satisfied of the great effect they have on the rising generation. Bible societies are of recent date; and no one objects to them on that account. We are the more pleased with the idea of uniting to suppress all future duelling because the proposal cannot be charged with sinister views. Who will hereafter fight duels nobody can tell; and such only will suffer by it.

To prevent our land from being further stained with blood,—to stop some of our race from the horrid crime of willful murder;—to save this young nation from the disgrace of permitting malicious human slaughter;—oh that a gracious God would unite the hearts of all his own children, to do every thing that they can, to erect an effectual bar against duelling! D. B.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

A PEER AT THE KEY HOLE.—OR, THE BIBLE LOST.
Having travelled extensively in England, Scotland, and America, and being of a curious and inquiring temper, I daily hit upon many expedients to satisfy this disposition. I am also a great lover of the word of God, and venerate the ministers of the Most High. From all my discoveries I have come to the conclusion that we live in a glorious day—a day in which religion is destined to rise in the hearts of many—a day in which "Zion shall put on her beautiful garments," as well as a day when learning shall increase, and a strong desire shall prevail to read good books, and improve the mind in every possible way. During the last seventy or eighty years volumes of sermons have been poured out upon the world until no man is able to number them.

In view of all these advantages and the brightening prospects of the church, I felt a curiosity to find out how the ministers of the gospel were preparing themselves for the awful duties of the sanctuary; I wished to know with what spirit they came forth from their studies to meet their great and momentous duties. Ah, thought I, with the holy Bible in their hands, they must be continually on their knees, imploring direction from on high, and striving to get the mighty subject deeply implanted in their minds, and their hearts so engaged for the welfare of immortal souls, that their tongues should be like the pen of a ready writer.

Mr. Editor.—This sin is gaining ground in our land so fast, as justly to alarm us. In treating this subject, odious as it is, we desire to be candid; and give our opponents all the ground that they can reasonably claim; say more, and then they must own that it

ed man, violently opposed to religion about thirty years of age, when his passions were melted down by the love of God to his heart. After this his life was more closely with God, and found

engaged not only every casual
night in the week.—O that it could be my meat
my drink always to dwell amid such happy scenes.
I was not educated amid the loud exclamations of
and shrieks of grief in religious assemblies, and always
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D. ME.

OF ZION'S HERALD.

enter one of our meetings even in the public meeting-house on Lord's day without shedding tears. In a respectable and fashionable audience of several hundred people it is very common all over the congregation to hear the piteous groan, the heavy sigh, and in the most pathetic manner the sound of these words, "O Lord have mercy on me a sinner."

I have been somewhat alarmed in seeing some persons so much affected, fearing lest some of them would go into fits of despair. On the 3d Sunday of this month I preached to a large congregation from 1st Peter, 1st Chapter, 8th verse.—"When I came to discourse of joy unspeakable and full of glory, I never before experienced any thing like it in myself, nor in a congregation. It was joy unutterable, and the soul looked forward to the day when in the kingdom of God it should be full of glory. I ceased, when cries for mercy took my place. About one month ago sixty-two persons were baptized in twenty-seven minutes, and next Sabbath we expect that a much greater number will join the church. I have baptizing to do every Sabbath. Let all my friends see this letter. I wish you were all with us; I know you would love to dwell in the tents of Jacob. You would be disappointed in Virginia, and would be ready to exclaim, "surely the Lord is in this place, and I knew it not."—*Columbian Star.*

ZION'S HERALD.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1827.

PUBLIC SPEAKING.

This is a subject on which much has been said; rule has elicited rule until the speaker who should regulate them all would be under the necessity of holding his tongue contrary to all rule. The matter of a discourse is undoubtedly a subject of more moment than the manner—it stands first in order, and should, at least, receive the first attention. Here one rule is sufficient and this is founded on the nature of the human mind. No one is ignorant of his own capacity, either to feel a subject strongly, or scarcely to feel it at all, just in proportion to the attention that he may bestow upon it. From this rule is deduced—feel strongly. The simplicity of this injunction must recommend itself to those who, all their lives, have been overburdened and wearied with regulations for the mental discipline preparatory to public speaking. When a speaker's mind feels deeply the subject that brings him to address himself to other minds, he may soon discover unwonted weight in his words. His emotions are copied into the passions of others, rising or falling in the relation of cause and effect, until he fastens his views on a thousand hearts at once. The importance of the station occupied by the sacred orator is very great; it is in his power, if he knows his own strength and puts it forth, to make deep impressions, and spread happiness or misery over the destinies of two worlds. The prospect of a young minister, if he cherishes just ideas of his powers and the importance of his station, is most animating, and should awaken the mightiest as well as the boldest energies of his soul for great achievements.

Feel strongly—then the manner will be spontaneous and easy; yet not so easy as to supersede the necessity of great care and vigilance in forming and sustaining a natural and dignified action. On the manner, or action in public speaking we cannot hope to express sentiments with more propriety than the following, for which we are indebted to the United States Literary Gazette. The writer describes a speaker's first appearance before an assembly.

"The first time he appears in public, especially if, as commonly happens, it be in his youth or on the verge of manhood, he finds himself in a novel, and properly speaking, in an artificial situation. Used to no other intercourse between man and man than conversation, he finds himself before a large audience; hundreds of eyes are fixed on him; and an awful silence prevails, and he dreads to hear his own voice break it. The position, of course, is to him unnatural. The boldest man trembles; the effort is for many too great, and some, of powerful minds, pass through life without making it. But duty, necessity, example, conspire to enable most men, when their time comes, to make their public appearance. But how? Not once in a hundred times with a free spontaneous movement in a natural manner, as an innocent child can breathe fearlessly before a large company, with a heart full of little great concerns; but with diligent preparation of notes, speeches, and sermons, previously written, and either doggedly committed to memory, or brought into the assembly to be read aloud with a trembling voice and a faltering frame. The embarrassment, in most cases, gradually wears off, but the misfortune is, that meantime, a manner is gradually formed, which, however natural in reference to the circumstance under which it has been formed, is in the highest degree unnatural, forced, and artificial in reference to all the duties and objects of a public speaker.

"Here, then, we perceive the great use of training and discipline. The art of speaking, previously well required by instruction, imitation, and practice, steps in, to relieve the embarrassment of a public appearance. It steps in, not making the speaker artificial, but enabling him to be natural; not to give him tones and cadences, but to keep his voice from quivering and dying in his throat; not to teach him fine gestures, but to put him so much at ease, that his naturally great qualities of the natural manner, so called, stand out bold and upright, with the hands fast grappled to a book, or a table, or to the leaves of a manuscript. This is not, however natural. All her children, whom she has created partly intellectual and partly material, evince a strong tendency to a reciprocal action and influence of body and mind. Gesture—movement of the body, the limbs, the features, are just as natural, as articulate words or articulate words. That a man who is himself persuaded, earnest, touched, should hold his body stiff and motionless, while urging his persuasions and emotions on others, is a monstrous paradox. But to aid and guide nature to express herself in gesture, is as necessary as to aid and guide her in uttering herself in articulate discourse. Hence the need of training, to enable a man to be natural in gesture. Without training, he will have none, or have that which is forced upon him by timidity and embarrassment, that is, artificial gesture of the worst kind."

PERSEVERING PRAYER.

An instance of persevering prayer for a particular object the most striking perhaps on record has come to the knowledge of some respectable gentlemen in this city. A man in rather low circumstances in life resided in the town of Manchester, Essex county, twenty-three miles from Boston. He was a very wicked man, violently opposed to religion, until he was about thirty years of age, when his pride and opposition were melted down by the love of God shed abroad in his heart. After this his life was most exemplary; he walked closely with God, and found so little comfort

in attending the cold, formal preaching of the minister of that town, where no revivals of religion had been enjoyed for a long, dreary season, that, in his anxiety to bear the precious truths of the gospel dispensed in their power and life, he attended meeting every Sabbath in another town distant seven miles from his humble dwelling. He walked thus with God thirty years.—At length the messenger came to call him away to his Father's mansion—he obeyed the summons with joy, and as he lay upon his dying bed, his friends standing around him, he pointed to a corner of the room, and said—"for thirty years no night has passed, except ten nights that I was confined to my bed with a lung fever, in which I have not awaked from my sleep, got up and gone to that corner of the room and prayed for a revival of religion in this town."

This holy man has rested in his grave some time—but mark the wonders of God's mercy. A great revival of religion has commenced and is now progressing in that town. Fifty souls have been hopelessly born of God. This revival has brought to light this example of perseverance which should be the admiration of all who cherish feelings of devotion.

PRIZE ADDRESS.

At the opening of the Tremont Theatre in this city last week, one "favored of the nine" had poured out an effusion to be "said or sung" on the occasion;—for which a prize of one hundred dollars was awarded to him. This is customary on such occasions, but the spirit of the address was rather out of order and deserves more than a passing notice. Prize poems in days past have labored under the weight of pompous panegyric bestowed on Shakespeare, on the muses, the powerful effect of the drama on human passions, wound up by invocations to certain divinities, male or female, supposed to reside in or near such temples; but the Tremont address has beaten a new path, and wastes all its melody in deprecating certain denunciations against the moral tendencies of the stage that have gone forth from many virtuous men and patriots, whose opinions are not to be despised. It was a most odd conceit of the poet, whoever he was, to embody his arguments in favor of the drama in verse; the thing had better be first attempted in prose, in a shape in which it may be fairly met and the argument tested. But yet we would not be so flinty hearted as to deny the poet the privilege of complaining or moaning over that perverse purity which seems so strangely to possess many minds. The prospect is, when the increasing attention of the community to religious knowledge is taken into consideration, that every succeeding prize address will be more dirge like and melancholy until the drama meets its catastrophe, and the public mind shall have become enlightened enough to find enjoyment in reality rather than fiction. After six lines of introduction the author of the address thus commences his wail:—

"Friends of the Stage, the friends of Virtue too,
The suppliant Drama brings her suit to you.
Long has she borne reproach—for 'tho' her brow
Of old was luminous, and burns e'en now
With Heaven's own fire,—the intense and hallowed flame,
That Genius kindles round a deathless name,
We hear her still denounced as virtue's foe;
Still, round her shrines in number many a vow;
Still, at her name the superstitious sigh;
The grave look graver as she passes by;
The bigot's ban on all her priesthood falls,
And pulpit thunders shake her temple walls."

After some lines of argumentative rhyme, the poet very sagely shoulders all the wickedness of the stage upon those who have most loudly condemned it. Hear him:—

"O, were the stage as pure as Dian's fane,
When peat'd with dew, and wash'd with vernal rain,
Let honest zealots call it Belial's throne,
Let polipits fulminate, let presses groan,
Their woes and warnings,—and what they need more
To cause the curse they piously deplore."

This, it must be confessed, is adroitly done, and the whole argument is despatched at once. No doubt when the appalling fact leaped from the lips of the speaker of the address, that all the wickedness of the stage lay at the doors of the "righteous," some "knowing winks" must have been interchanged between the Supreme Executives present among the audience. But what would provoke a smile even from the "righteous over much," is the pressing invitation given to the "righteous—the good—the grave—the wise—the reverend even," to go to the play house. Whether season tickets will be gratuitously afforded to such we cannot say—let the prize address speak for itself:—

"Then, at the Drama's pomp, her stole, her rail,
Let not the serious frowns, the righteous rail;
But let them come at evening's sober hour,
And prove her pathos, and confess her power:
Let them—the good, the grave, and the wise,
The wise, the pure, the beautiful, the brave,
The reverend even—to this proud temple turn,
And judge the Drama from her words that burn.
Let them, her Censors, in the Boxes sit,
Rush to the Rows, and pour into the Pit.
Each hating bird, unfed, will sail away,
In outer darkness to pursue her prey."

It is not probable that the reverend clergy of this city had expected so cordial an invitation to a house which, it is said, some of them have prophesied would become a house of prayer. Perhaps the poet, against his will, like Balaam, has uttered a prophecy, and that hereafter the serious at "evening's sober hour" shall come to this temple with far other feelings than those who now frequent it possess; then actors shall not be preachers nor Shakespeare the text.

However, as if the image of "the saints" and a church haunted the poet's brain after filling up the theatre—pit, rows and all to the sky lights with the beautiful and good, he has hopes of reforming the bad, (who are not there) and gravely claims the good man's smile, because the rain and sunshine will pay the tiles on the roof of the theatre the same compliments as those of a church. In behalf of Shakespeare's "priesthood" the poet expresses their

"Hopes—tho' they here, the soul may wake and wain,
The good encourage, and the bad reform;
Hopes—that within these wide and towering walls,
(On which Heaven's boon—the rain and sunshine falls,
As on the Church's roof it falls the while)
It may be theirs to share the good man's smile."

CANADA CONFERENCE.

This conference closed its last session at Hamilton, district of Gore, on the 7th ult. Bishop Hedding presided. Nine preachers were received on trial, one of whom was Peter Jones, a converted Indian, of the Mississauga tribe, who is destined as a missionary among his native brethren. Five were admitted into full connexion, and ordained deacons; two were located, and five returned superannuated.

Members in society, this year,	8,061	12	522
" last year,	7,215	36	250
Increase, this year,	846		272

STATIONS OF THE PREACHERS.

NIAGARA DISTRICT, John Ryerson, P. E. and superintendent of the Indian missions and schools in the bounds of his district.

NIAGARA AND FORT GEORGE—David Youmans, Rowland Heyland.

LION'S CREEK—Joseph Gatchel.

ANCASTER—Thomas Madden, Anson Green.

DUMFRIES—George Sovereign.

LONG POINT—William Griffin, Robert Corson.

WESTMINSTER—Matthew Whiting.

LONDON—John Huston.

THAMES—George Ferguson.

AMHERST—Edmund Stoney.

GRAND RIVER MISSION—Joseph Messmore.

BAY QUINTE DISTRICT, William Case, P. E. and superintendent of the Indian missions and schools within the bounds of his district.

BAY QUINTE—Samuel Belton.

HALLS CREEK—Wyatt Chamerlain, John Davidson.

BELOITTE—John S. Atwood.

COBURG—Wm. Slater, Edgerton Ryerson.

CANAN—James Norris.

YORK—William Ryerson.

YONGE STREET AND WHITBY—James Wilson.

TORONTO—John Black.

CREDIT MISSION—James Richardson.

GRAND ISLAND MISSION—Solomon Waldron.

NATIVE TRIBES OF THE CHIPPÉWAUS—Peter Jones.

AUGUSTA DISTRICT, Philander Smith, P. E.

KINGSTON—Ezra Healy, Cyrus Allison.

AUGUSTA—Franklin Metcalf.

CROSBY—Jacob Poole.

CORNWALL—David Wright.

OTTAWA—Richard Jones.

RICHMOND MISSION—George Poole.

RIDEAU—George Bissell.

PERTH—George Farr.

MISSISSAUGA—William H. Williams.

Alvin Torry is transferred to the Genesee Conference.

Delegates to the next General Conference:—Wyatt Chamerlain, John Ryerson, Wm. Ryerson, Samuel Belton, Wm. Slater.—*Chr. Adv. & Journal.*

ADDRESS OF THE CANADA CONFERENCE TO THE PEOPLE OF THEIR CHARGE.

To the Members of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Upper Canada—Grace, Mercy, and Peace be multiplied.

DEAR BRETHREN,—As your happiness and prosperity are inseparably connected with our own, we embrace the opportunity with which we are now favoured, of sending to you our united and affectionate salutations.

We would, in the first place, express our thanks to the great Head of the Church for the general peace and prosperity which we enjoy, and for the outpourings of his Holy Spirit with which he has hitherto blessed us, especially during the last year. The borders of our Zion have enlarged, our numbers have considerably increased, and the prospect of a great ingathering of souls the ensuing year, is very bright and encouraging. We can joyfully say the Lord is yet with us, and owns us as His people; and notwithstanding the powerful efforts which the enemies of our peace have been and are making to divide, and consequently to destroy us, we rejoice that hitherto the Lord hath helped us and kept us united. To him be all the glory.

We now consider it our duty to make some communications to you, on subjects in which we are all equally concerned.

The first is that which respects the proceedings of our superintendents, in the memorial which we entrusted to them at the Hallowell Conference, in 1825. From the statements made to us by bishop Hedding, we have reason to believe that he (bishop Hedding) and bishop George, have fairly laid the said memorial before all the annual conferences, which they have attended since that time; and that they have taken measures, as far as it was in their power, to have it laid before all the annual conferences which they could not attend. From these measures we have reason to hope for the most favorable result in the decisions of the ensuing general conference.

In the mean time, however, we would advise and exhort you to guard against every kind of party spirit which may make its appearance among you, and strive to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bonds of peace. Nothing but the greatest evils can result from hasty or rash movements, or parties and divisions. You may rest assured, dear brethren, that we will do all in our power to promote your best interests, and comply with your wishes.

We would, in the next place, recommend to your notice the subject of sabbath schools. We consider them of the highest importance, both to the advancement of the church of Christ, and to the moral and religious improvement of the rising generation. However, under present existing circumstances, we do not consider it expedient to form Sunday School Societies auxiliary to the Methodist Sunday School Union in the United States. We would therefore inform you, that we have formed ourselves into a Sunday School Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church; and we recommend to all our brethren and friends to unite, wherever it is practicable, in forming Sunday School Societies auxiliary to this. We hope you will do all in your power to forward this good work in behalf of the rising generation. Aid by your prayers, your labors, your influence, and by all the means you possess, and God, will bless your pious efforts to the present and future happiness of your posterity.

And now, dear brethren, we would conclude by saying with the apostle, "Let all bitterness and wrath, and strife, and evil speaking, be put away from you, with all malice; and be ye kind one to another, tender hearted, forgiving one another even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you. Be of one heart and one mind, striving together for the faith of the gospel—perfecting holiness in the fear of the Lord."

Brothers, pray for us, that the word of the Lord may have free course and be glorified, and that we may hear and see more and more of his goings forth among us. And may all the ends of the earth see the salvation of God.

Hamilton, Sept. 7th, 1827.

RIGHT USE OF MONEY.

Mr. Editor,—It is lamentable that there is at this day, so many Methodists who by their ways say of Father Wesley, "we will eat our own bread and wear our own apparel; only let us be called by thy name." Is not this the case as it respects dealers in spirituous liquors, those whom Mr. Wesley calls "poisoners general?" Query. Did Mr. Wesley have any of these poisoners general on his church list?

By publishing this short extract from Wesley's Sermon, you will, I hope benefit many, and oblige a friend to Temperance.

WESLEY'S OPINION.—The following is from Wesley's Sermon on the "Right Use of Money."

"Neither may we gain money by hurting our neighbor in his body; therefore we may not sell any thing which tends to impair health. Such is eminently all that liquid fire commonly called *drums* or *spirituous liquors*. It is true, these may be of use in some bodily disorders, (although there would rarely be occasion for them, were it not for the unskillfulness of the practitioner). Therefore such a prepare and sell them *only for this end*, may keep consciences clear. But who are they? Who prepare and sell them *only for this end*? Do you know ten such distillers in England? Then excuse these. But all who sell them in

the common way to any that will buy, are poisoners general."

A GOOD EXAMPLE.

A militia officer in Plymouth county, Mass. proposed to his company to abstain from ardent spirits on muster day, and generously offered to those who would do it to give them a dinner, and as much order as they should want. All the company except eight accepted the offer and agreed to the conditions.

PORTLAND DISTRICT—QUARTERLY MEETINGS.

SECOND QUARTER.	October 4.
Scarborough, at Buxton,	" 6, 7.
Kennebunk,	" 13, 14.
Eliot,	" 20, 21.
Shapleigh,	" 23, 24.
Buxton, at Limington,	" 27, 28.
Gorham,	" 31.
Portland,	Nov. 3, 4.
Baldwin, at Brownfield,	" 7, 8.
Waterford, at Greenwood,	" 10, 11.
Poland,	" 12, 13.
Gray,	" 17, 18.
Livingmore,	" 21, 22.
Bethel,	" 24, 25.
Strong, at Farmington,	" 29, 30.
Fayette,	December 1, 2.
Readfield,	" 5.
Winthrop,	" 8, 9.
Monmouth,	" 11, 12.
Durham,	" 15, 16.

Winthrop, Sept. 17, 1827.

ORDINATION.

At Stockbridge, Sept. 12, Rev. JARED CURTIS, Chaplain of the State Prison at Auburn, N. Y., was ordained as an Evangelist, in compliance with the wishes of the Managers of the Prison Discipline Society. The Introductory Prayer was offered by Rev. S. Burt; Sermon by Rev. D. D. Field; Ordaining Prayer by Rev. S. Shepard, D.D.; Charge by Rev. A. Hyde, D.D.; Right hand of Fellowship by Rev. L. Dwight, Secretary of the Prison Discipline Society; Concluding Prayer by Rev. E. W. Dwight of Richmond.

NOTICE.

The Trustees of the Maine Wesleyan Seminary are hereby notified that their last meeting stands adjourned to the 28th of November next, at Dudley Moody's in Readfield, 9 o'clock, A. M. at which time and place they are requested to attend.

JAMES WILLIAMS, Secretary.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

DOMESTIC.

Influence of the Imagination.—Dr. Parsons, a distinguished dentist of Boston, in a recent essay on the subject of extracting teeth, alludes to the effect of the imagination in stopping the tooth ache. He says, that a lady in Boston, who is subject to this distressing complaint, has for several months been in the habit of borrowing his instruments when she felt a return of the pain, and the sight of them never fails to effect an immediate cure.

Mr. King.—A correspondent at Amherst writes:—"Professor King, late Missionary to Palestine, arrived at Amherst college, on Friday the 21st instant. On Sabbath evening, he made a very interesting address, in the college chapel, to a crowded audience, composed of the officers and students of the literary institutions at that place, and the inhabitants of the village and vicinity. His subject was the importance of Evangelical missions; the encouragement to effort, illustrated by the narration of highly interesting facts, which his experience and observation for the last six years had furnished; and the duty incumbent on all, of aiding this enterprise by their prayers, their pecuniary assistance, or their personal services."

Getting Sober.—A person made application to a magistrate in this town on Saturday last, for permission to be committed to goal to remain till Tuesday morning. He stated that he had been intoxicated most of the time for two or three weeks past—that he had not fortitude enough to abstain from drinking, and unless something could be done for him, he had serious doubts that he should commit suicide. The Justice, after hearing the complaint, and being well satisfied with the testimony, very kindly furnished the complainant with an introduction to the jailor, which he presented in person, and was locked up agreeably to his request. He was turned out yesterday morning, and a sober looking fellow we never saw. We would say to every drunkard, "Go thou and do likewise."—*Somerset Journal.*

Attention! at the Poles.—Mr. Reynolds, the lecturer on Symmes' theory, has arrived in Baltimore, and announced his determination of building a ship suitable for the expedition, for which he has been preaching with the zeal of him who first stirred up Christendom to the crusades. Mr. R. has made arrangements with a respectable ship builder in Baltimore to build a vessel and finish it early in the approaching spring, upon the most improved models recently recommended by the British polar navigators. Funds have been obtained for the purpose, and there is now a prospect of having the system tested.

On Wednesday, August 29th, one Robert Woodward, of Dinwiddie, almost without provocation, stabbed Laban Eppes, of the same county, so severely that he expired in a few moments. Woodward was immediately arrested and committed to jail. On the succeeding Monday, he was examined by the called Court, and sent on for further trial, and the Superior Court commencing its session on that day, an indictment was found against him by a grand jury. On Tuesday he was tried and convicted of murder in the second degree, and on Wednesday, just one week after the commission of the crime, he was sentenced to ten years imprisonment in the Penitentiary, one tenth part of the time to be spent in solitary confinement. Woodward and Eppes were both habitual drunkards. Both were under the influence of liquor when the murder was perpetrated, but Woodward more so than Eppes.—*Petersburg Int.*

On Sunday morning the 2d ult. a man by the name of Wheeler Dyer, of Hollis, aged about 35 years, committed suicide by drowning himself in Saco river, at Salmon Falls—another instance of the melancholy effects of intemperance.—*Saco Pal.*

The crew of sloop Polly, of Newburyport were examined at Portland, last Saturday fortnight, on a charge of murdering Samuel Davis, in Portland harbor, in August last—and acquitted. It appeared in evidence, that Davis at the time of his death was very much intoxicated, having drunk nearly a quart of rum in a few hours. His death was probably occasioned by falling from his boat in this helpless condition.

Another Warning.—On the 13th inst. a young man named Isaac Wardwell, living in Darien, committed suicide by drinking rum! It is stated that after drinking very freely at a store, he returned home, found his father's bottle, drank a pint of the liquor and not long after expired.—*Norwalk Gaz.*

It is in contemplation to build a splendid Hotel on the land belonging to the estate of the late Mr. Phillips, in Common-street. Fourteen gentlemen have already subscribed ten thousand dollars each, to promote the plan, and we hear that the subscription is to be increased to \$250,000.—*Boston Gaz.*

Poisoned Cheese.—About thirty members of one of the militia companies on the parade on Tuesday, 25th ult. were made sick by eating of a cheese, which formed a part of their noon luncheon.

The Yellow Fever is now prevalent in New Orleans, Charleston, and Pensacola.

The editor of the Worcester Spy, states that cider is so plenty in that vicinity, that it is delivered abundantly at the distillery for sixty cents per barrel.

Mr. Moses Hayward, of Acton, was accidentally shot by one of his sons on the 25th ult. He survived the wound but eleven hours, and has left eight children, all minors, to lament his untimely death.

A rattlesnake was killed Sabbath afternoon at Staten Island, by a son of Mr. Richard Silvas, measuring four feet eight inches in length, and six inches in circumference. He had nine rattles. When killed he was in a coil, and in the act of making a dart at a dog near him. It is supposed he came from a vessel.

Counterfeit three dollar bills on the Bank of America, signed R. J. Smith, President, and W. Woodworth, Cashier, are in circulation at Pittsfield. No such persons have ever been officers of that bank.

The house of Mr. Edmund Chapman, in Bethel, Maine, was struck by lightning on the 11th ult. All the persons were thrown to the floor by the shock, and a young woman remained insensible for several hours. They all recovered. The house was much injured.

On the 11th ult. six wooden buildings in Pittsburgh, Penn. were destroyed, and others greatly injured, by an accidental fire.

The river in front of our city is unusually high. The pier on the evening of the 25th ult. was entirely under water. We have yet heard of no material damage done to articles on the pier or wharves.—*Albany Argus.*

Mr. Ezra Jones, of Claremont, in the state of Vermont, recently lost two hares, two cord houses, and two sheds, with their contents, by fire, occasioned by lightning. Loss between 1000 and 1500 dollars. No insurance.

We understand that Capt. John Downes is appointed to the command of the Delaware ship of the line, now fitting out at the Gosport navy yard, for the Mediterranean.

The county jail in Hartford, Ct. was set on fire by the prisoners on Thursday evening last, but was extinguished in a short time by the activity of the jailer and the citizens.

Four felons lately made an attempt to escape from the jail at Louisville, Ky. but were prevented by the guards, who wounded the whole of them. One named Green, died of his wounds.

James Palmely was lately killed in Alabama, by E. M. Kerr. Kerr has fled from justice.

Rum, Murder, and the Gallows.—A corporal in the King's 70th regiment, stationed at Grand River, Upper Canada, who murdered his wife in the most inhuman manner, in November last, after having down his week's rations of rum, and drank the whole the same day, was tried on the 8th Aug. at the Niagara Assizes, and convicted. His daughter, aged 16 years, was present when he commenced abusing her mother, but the father dragged her out into the snow, and as it appeared in evidence, finished the murder with a bayonet. His only excuse was, that "he had been in liquor, and awakened and thought himself fighting with an enemy, and it turned out to be a woman." He was found guilty, and was executed on the 16th Aug.—*N. Y. paper.*

Singular Accident.—Those who know any thing of the nature and habits of sheep, are aware of the singular tenacity with which they follow each other, however dangerous the path may be. Wherever one sheep goes, the rest of the flock are sure to follow. Of their readiness to follow each other, even into the most imminent danger, we have striking evidence in the case of a flock belonging to a farmer in this town. The other day one of them took it into his head to jump into a corn field; the others, sheep-like, followed, and they were all found up to their backs in mischief. On starting them from the field they close to jump over a wall, on the other side of which there was a deep well; the first one leaped the wall, and brought up at the bottom of the well; and the remainder of the flock followed of course, till sixteen of them were snugly laid away in the bottom of the well. With much difficulty they were taken out, though not until eight of them were drowned.—*Stonington Telegraph.*

Trade of Boston.—The Statesman mentions that during the first ten days of September, there were 47 foreign arrivals at this port, the duties on the cargoes of which will be half a million of dollars.

MARRIED.

In this city, Mr. Henry Dean to Miss Matilda Smith; Seth Knowles, Esq. to Miss Sarah Layson. Mr. Lowell Goodridge to Miss Caroline Ann Morgan; Mr. Daniel Sanjour of Middlebury, to Miss Emily M. Rogers, daughter of the late Capt. Thomas R. of this city; Mr. John Eraser Glover to Miss Charlotte Elizabeth Lyon; Mr. Aaron Styles, of Concord, to Miss Mary Elizabeth Child; Mr. William Eastbrook to Miss Mary Ann H. Oliver. Capt. John Lockman to Miss Mary Wyman; Mr. Samuel Gilpatrick to Miss Caroline M. Hammond; Mr. Joseph Godfrey, of Easton, to Miss Abigail Allen, of Manchester; Mr. David Carleton, of Fayetteville, N. C. to Miss Sarah P. Norcross; Dea. Phineas Barnard, of Hartford, to Miss Sarah Burges; Mr. Israel Martin, Jr. to Miss Lucretia W. Decker.

POETS' DEPARTMENT.

From the Christian Advocate and Journal.

MILLENNIUM.

Life to death, and death to sin,
Glorious era, usher in!
Lo! the daypring from on high,
Gleets the pilgrim's wishful eye;
On the wings of promise borne,
Hasten on auspicious morn;
Now ye days of darkness flee!
Welcome hood-bought Jubilee;
Break the fetters forged by sin,
Glorious era, usher in!

Now ambition feeds on blood,
Now intercession like a flood
Urges its resistless way,
Youth and age alike its prey;
Now the bigot hugs his creed,
Saint in semblance--wretch in deed;
Now the poor man sighs oppressed,
Injured wretch is unredressed;
Come, oh bliss release from sin,
Glorious era, usher in!

Then no more shall man delight,
In the fierce and bloody fight;
Scorn of men from shore to shore,
Drunkenness be seen no more--
Then the ransomed, hand in hand,
Shall be like an angel band;
Mercy shall the sufferer know,
Tears for all the woe will flow;
Life to death and death to sin,
Days of glory, enter in!

Now the youth in sin are gray,
Men the word of God gain say;
Now deceit and fraud abound;
Friendship oft is but a sound;
Now the pagan truth withstands,
Darkness broods o'er heathen lands;
Now the swearer God blasphemes,
And of guilt unpunished dreams;
Cease, oh cease, thou reign of sin,
Reign of Jesus, usher in!

Then thy wastes, Jerusalem,
Shall be like a diadem;
Israel's scattered tribes from far,
Hail the bright Millennium star;
Songs of mercy greet their ears,
God shall wipe away all tears;
"Earth by angel-feet be trod,
One great garden of God."
Come, oh bliss release from sin,
Days of glory, enter in!

Then the lame shall nimbly leap,
Dumb no longer silence keep,
Barren deserts sweets disclose,
Bud and blossom as the rose.
All shall then see eye to eye,
God shall be exalted high;
Then the song by seraphs given,
Earth shall echo back to heaven.
Lo! the triumph over sin,
Years of glory, usher in!

LINES.

In memory of Mr. Henry Devere, an amiable young man, who died Sept. 7th, 1827, aged 23.

He's gone! that noble form has fled
To scenes more pure and fair;
Another, numbered with the dead,
Immortal bliss to share.
Joy never-ending he shall claim,
And shout in praise the Saviour's name.

Sleep, noble youth; thy race is run,
Thy days of toil are o'er;
The debt is paid, yet thou art gone
To dwell on earth no more.
Sleep on, till Jesus shall appear,
And claim thee His victorious heir.

The grave is but the resting place,
Between this earth and God;
No more shall friends behold thy face,
On this terrestrial sod;
Sleep on, till Jesus from on high
Calls thee to mansions in the sky.

Friends, cease to mourn, behold him stand,
On Canaan's lovely shore,
Soon you will join him hand in hand--
You'll meet to part no more;
Cease, then, to weep, he's passed that bourn,
From whence no traveller can return.

Sleep, noble youth, in calm repose,
Naught shall disturb thy rest;
Thou shalt arise, as Jesus rose,
And be for ever blest--
Sleep, then, till thou art called away,
To spend with Him an endless day.

Boston, Sept. 23, 1827.

WILLIAM.

MINISTERS' DEPARTMENT.

Remarkable Description of St. Paul's person.

How little stress is to be laid on external appearance! This prince of apostles seems to hint, concerning himself, that his bodily presence was not calculated to command respect at first sight: 2 Cor. x. 10. St. Chrysostom terms him, "a little man, about three cubits (or four feet) and a half in height."
Lucian, or whoever is the author of the *Pilopatrias*, is supposed to have had St. Paul in view, when he introduces "A Galilean" (for so the Christians were contemptuously styled); "rather bald-headed, with an aquiline nose; who travelled through the air into the third heaven."

But, of all other writers, Nephephorus Callistus has given us the most circumstantial account of St. Paul's person: "St. Paul was small of stature, stooping, and rather inclined to crookedness; pale faced, of an elderly look, bald on the head. His eyes lively, keen, and cheerful; shaggy, in part, by his eyebrows, which hung a little over. His nose, rather long, and not ungracefully bent. His beard, pretty thick of hair, and of a sufficient length, and, like his locks, interspersed with gray."--*Widius*.

A worthy clergyman once in company with a set of gentlemen of good understanding, but who were apt to take great liberty in conversation; one of the company in particular made very free with repeated attacks, calling to God to witness the most insignificant assertions. The good divine, though greatly offended, heard it in silence, but took occasion, every time the mentioned name of God, to bow his head with great devotion. This at last drew the attention of the gentleman who gave the offence. Sir, says he, I observe you frequently bowing; what do you mean by it? You shall know, replied the clergyman. I have long used myself never to hear the sacred name of God mentioned without paying the awful respect to it of prostration. The gentleman was so struck with this noble and delicate hint, that he immediately acknowledged that he felt it convicting, and promised to keep a stricter guard upon his tongue in future.

Rev. Mr. Irving and the Christian Ministry.
At the ordination of the Rev. Hugh McLean, of the

Scotch Church, London Wall, the Rev. Mr. Irving, in his charge, made the following observations:

"Oh, if thou grow rich; Oh, if thou shouldst die rich, I will be ashamed of thee. Look at the hard hearts of rich men; look at their vain self-importance; look at their contempt of Christ; and pray, O, earnestly pray to be kept from that greatest snare. Thy cloak, and thy parchments, brother--that is, thy decent apparel and thy books--be these, thy riches, and then thou canst speak out against mammon, and tell those men of thousands and tens of thousands, whom thou art surrounded with, what they should do with their treasures. If thou spare them, God will not spare thee. I give thee it in charge this day, that thou reprove them and their accumulations sharply. Keep them hospitable. Show thou to lordly prelates what the word bishop meaneth. Show thou to substantial citizens what the word hospitality meaneth; show thou to rich men what the word charity meaneth; and to all what faith meaneth. Go thou out as poor a man as thou came in; and let them bury thee when thou dost. And if God should bless thee with a wife and children, put no money in the bank for them, but write prayers in the Word of the Book of Life; be this thy bank of faith; be this thy exchange, even the Providence of God; and let the lords of thy treasury be the prophets and the apostles who went before thee."

PARENTS' DEPARTMENT.

From the Vermont Chronicle.

Extract from the Speech of the Rev. Beriah Green, of Brandon, Vt. at the 22d annual meeting of the Rutland County Foreign Mission Society, June 28, 1827.

"A few particulars which I gleaned from the history of a professed Christian who made it the leading object of his labors to provide an inheritance for his children, struck my mind and interested my feelings not a little. He welcomed the tug of labor and the sweat of toil, he said, because he loved his children. And yet he gave those children a scanty, stunted education, because the means of instruction were so expensive. The riches of science, and the refinements of literature he could not afford to bring within their reach. And what weighed a great deal with him was the firm persuasion that they could 'make money' and what was more, 'keep it' when grown, without much mental cultivation. Little more was he disposed to make heavy sacrifices for the sake of their moral and religious improvement. Few burdens galled him more than the parish tax. And one day, when he had measured up a little grain to furnish his minister with bread, he declared, with much ill-nature and vengeance, that he would rather see the pillars of every religious institution in the town tottering to their overthrow, than to increase his annual tax for their support, by a single farthing. And so 'twas plain, however he might love his children, that it was not their intellect, or their immortal souls, on which he fastened his affections. Intellectual improvement and moral cultivation were light things with him, compared with *real estate*; with rock and dirt, and such solid things, accurately described, well cultivated, and held in 'fee simple.' When gray hairs began to spring up upon his head, he thought to bless his children by 'settling his estate upon them.' One of his younger sons, who had greatly endeared himself to his father by his skill in acquiring property, and his vigilance and resolution in keeping it, received the 'home-farm,' on condition of securing to his parents their 'maintenance during natural life.' Their maintenance they received; but not a great could they command to promote, at home or abroad the interests of religion. The church, diminished in numbers, and embarrassed by a thousand adverse circumstances, was reduced to the greatest straits; the father could not help it. He could not give a Bible, or a New Testament, or a tract, to guide a poor inquiring sinner into the narrow way. No share could he have in the sacred enterprise of giving the 'bread of life' to the dying nations; of placing the crown of all the earth on the Saviour's head. Thus, his estate--the object of all his anxieties and labors--never very useful to the church, was entirely lost to it. The old man lived to see most of his ill-taught children reduced to poverty by idleness and profligacy; and the rest sunk to the more abject and hopeless state of iron-hearted misers. He lived to see that he had spent his strength for naught!--had wasted life in idle, fruitless labors. And when his neighbors laid him in the grave, no widow or orphan was heard to say: 'My father, my father!' no devout man made lamentation over him. As none were the better for his life, none were bereaved by his death. But the man now confined 'in the dark and narrow house,' who had toiled to provide an inheritance for his children, was denied even the cheap privilege of lying neglected in the grave--of sleeping undisturbed, the sleep of death. His children gathered around his new-made grave, and contended for their several shares in his estate with strife so hot and bitter, as almost to wake the dead!"

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

HEAVENLY ROSES.

They who celestial roses call,
Of deathless scent and fadeless bloom,
First travel'd thro' the briars of earth,
And entered heav'n by the tomb.

Rejoice, then, pilgrims of the skies,
Your lot can ne'er be worse than theirs,
Soon will the pearls again unfold,
Receive your soul, exclude your cares.

Within their precincts blooms the rose;
And blooms without a single thorn.
Smooth is the path they now pursue,
Who've pass'd thro' night to endless morn.

London Gen. Mag.

From the Boston Courier.

NAPOLEON AND JOSEPHINE.

Among the late productions of the French writers is a work entitled "Historical Anecdotes of the Interior of the Palace from 1805 to May 1814, by M. de Bessuet." M. de Bessuet, was for ten years prefect of the Palace to Napoleon, and has here offered his contribution to the future historian of this extraordinary man. He relates the following extraordinary scene that took place in his presence a short time before the divorce was pronounced between Napoleon and Josephine.

I was on service at the Tuileries from Monday, November 27. That day and the Tuesday and Wednesday following I was struck by a great change in the looks of the Emperor. The only words he spoke during dinner were to ask me a few brief questions, the answers of which he appeared not to hear. On each of these days, the dinner did not last more than 10 minutes. On Thursday the 30th the storm burst. Their majesties sat down to dinner; Josephine wore a large white bonnet tied under the chin, which partly concealed her features; I could, however, perceive that she had been weeping, and with difficulty even then restrained her tears. She appeared to me like the image of grief and despair. The most profound silence reigned during dinner. Napoleon and the Empress merely talked for form's sake what was served to them. The only words uttered were those addressed to me by the Emperor. "What kind of weather is it?" and as he pronounced them he rose from the table and went into the drawing room, the Empress slowly followed. Coffee was brought in; when Napoleon, contrary to his usual custom, took the cup from the page, and made a sign that he wished to be alone. I immediately quitted the room; but feeling anxious and alarmed, I sat down in the *salon de service*, (where their majesties usually dined,) on a chair near the door of the Emperor's drawing room. I was observing mo-

NAPOLÉON AND JOSEPHINE.

chanically the servants clearing the table, when suddenly I heard the Empress shriek in the most violent manner. The usher of the chamber supposing she had fallen into a fit, was on the point of opening the door, but I prevented him, saying that the Emperor would call for assistance if he thought it necessary. I was then standing near the door when Napoleon himself opened it, and perceiving me, said in a hurried manner, "Come in, Bosuett, and shut the door." I entered, and saw the Empress stretched upon the carpet, and uttering the most heart-rending cries and moans: "No, I shall never survive it," exclaimed the unfortunate woman. Napoleon said to me, "Are you strong enough to take up Josephine and carry her by the private staircase to her room, in order that she may receive the care and assistance that her situation requires?" I obeyed, and raised up the princess, who I supposed had fallen into a fit of the hysterics. Aided by Napoleon, I took her in my arms; and he, taking one of the lights from the table, led the way through a dark passage towards a private staircase. On coming to the staircase, I observed to Napoleon that it was too narrow to allow me to descend it with the Empress in my arms, without the danger of falling. He immediately called the guardian of the portfolio, who was stationed night and day near one of the doors of his closet, which opened upon the landing-place of the private staircase. Napoleon gave him the light, and told him to go on before him; he then took Josephine by the legs, and in this manner aided me to bring her down. At one moment, in consequence of my sword having got between my legs, we were all near tumbling down together. Fortunately, however, we descended without accident, and deposited our precious burden upon an ottoman in the bed-chamber. The Emperor immediately rung for the Empress's women.

When in the drawing room above stairs I took the Empress in my arms, she ceased her cries, and I supposed that she had fainted away; but at the moment when I became embarrassed by my sword in the middle of the private staircase, I was obliged to keep up both from falling, to clasp her more closely. I held the Empress in my arms, which were thrown round her waist, her back was against my breast, and her head reclining on my right shoulder. When she felt the efforts that I made to keep myself from falling, she said in a very low voice to me, "You squeeze me too much." I then judged there was nothing to fear for her health. During the whole of this scene, I had been exclusively occupied with Josephine, whose situation affected me, and could not observe Napoleon; but when the women of the Empress came he passed into a small saloon contiguous to the bed-chamber, whither I followed him. His agitation and anxiety were extreme. In the moment of trouble he explained to me in the following words, the cause of what had passed:--The interest of France and of my dynasty has forced me to act thus; divorce has become an act of rigorous duty for me. I am the more pained by the scene *qui vient de faire Josephine*, as she must have been made acquainted three days ago by Hortense with the unfortunate obligation that compels me to separate myself from her. I pity her with all my heart--I thought her possessed of more character, and I was not prepared for this explosion of her sorrow. In fact, the emotion he felt forced him to leave a long interval between each phrase, in order to take breath. His words escaped him with difficulty and without connexion--his voice was stifled and faltering, and his eyes filled with tears. All this scene occupied from seven to eight minutes. Napoleon immediately after sent for the physician Corvessat, the Queen Hortense, Cambraceris, and Fouché; and before going to his own apartment, he returned to that of Josephine, whom he found calmer and more resigned."

YOUTHS' DEPARTMENT.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

Let a bear robbed of her whelps meet a man, rather than a fool in his folly!--Prov. xvii. 12.

We have many striking comparisons in the scriptures to represent and set off the power and force of passion. It is worthy of remark that those of the wild beasts the most fierce and ferocious are as remarkable for their fondness for their young, and when bereaved of them become outrageously ferocious. A bear is by nature an exceedingly fierce creature; the female is more fierce than the male, especially so, when she has young ones; but when robbed of them she becomes terrible, and regardless of her own safety she pursues her enemy with a madness which knows no bounds. To this Hushai alludes when he gave counsel to Absalom concerning his pursuit of David. "Thou knowest thy father and his men; they are mighty men, and that they be chafed in their minds, as a bear robbed of her whelps in the field." They were bold and sanguinary warriors, and now being hunted and deprived of their houses, homes, children and dearest enjoyments, if attacked they would return upon their pursuers with terrible desperation and havoc. 2 Sam. xvii. 3.

My young readers are too well acquainted with the story of the bear as related by a person on board of the Sea-horse frigate or Caracass-bomb while she was locked in the ice to need to have it repeated here. It shows the force of affection and the terribleness of her anger. Many stories of a similar kind are related by our own hunters which go to illustrate the propriety of the figure of comparison in the text. Let a bear robbed of her whelps meet a man, rather than a fool in his folly. An overweening, shallow-pated man is the most irritable creature living. His pride, being only equalled by his ignorance and folly, knows no bounds. He is jealous of provocations and insults that were never thought of but by his own foolish heart. His demands of concession and submission are unreasonable, and his resentments outrageous. If he does not rush instantly and recklessly into the commission of murderous deeds, his challenges and duels involve the most deplorable consequences. If an innocent man, a man of principle is grappling with a bear for life, he knows what he has to depend on, his all depends on the exertions of the moment; but who can escape the human brute? There is a double danger here--first, from the relentless fury of the fool himself; and secondly, there is a danger lest our own passions should be roused by provocation to do some unlawful and wicked thing.

Let youth learn from this to guard against the criminal indulgence of pride, arrogance, self-conceit, resentment and revenge; that they may not fall under the character of the fool in his folly. Let them also learn to avoid the company of such; especially avoid forming connexions in business or friendship with them. As you regard your peace, your reputation, your life or the comfort of your friends--avoid them.

A useful hint to young men.--For your own comfort, for your friend's sake, for the sake of your eventual prosperity, cultivate a strict and manly habit of economy. It is impossible to raise a good character without it. And this one single article, economy, connected with moderate talent, will recommend you to all nations. A assistance, should you need it, will not be withheld, if it is known that your care of personal expense is correct.

The Shepherd and the Infidel.--A traveller from a commercial house in London, crossing the extensive plains in Wiltshire, was joined by a gentleman passing the same road. The traveller, a pious man, observed with regret, that the conversation of the stranger was of a light and trifling cast, often bordering on profanity, and resolved to take the first opportunity of slipping away from so unprofitable a companion. Before, however, such an opportunity occurred, they reached a part of the town where the road separated; uncertain which way to take, they proposed to inquire of a shepherd boy, who was reclining near the spot with a book in his hand. The stranger, disposed to exercise his profligate wit on the simple peasant, thus addressed him:

"Hullo! my lad what book are you reading?"

"The Bible, sir," was the reply.

"The Bible! what! you read that in hope to find out the way to heaven?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well--that road I neither know nor care any thing about: you tell me, if you can, the road to Salisbury, and I will leave you to dream about the other at your leisure."

"That, (pointing with his crook,) is the road to Salisbury; and the road to heaven, blessed be God, is so plain, that the way-faring man, though a fool, shall not err therein."

"Well said, simple shepherd," thought the pious traveller; and raised his thoughts in gratitude to the "Lord of heaven and earth, who hath bid these things from the wise and prudent, and revealed them unto babes," and thus out of the mouth of the weak and mean, in other respects, half ordained strength, to still the enemy and the avenger.

Children, who are taught to read and reverence the sacred scriptures, perhaps you may at some time or other meet with those who fancy they show their learning and wit, by attempting to shake your faith, and ridicule the blessed book on which it is built; but regard them not: they can never disprove a single letter of its sacred contents. Heaven and earth shall pass away, but the Saviour's words shall never pass away. See that they dwell in you richly in all wisdom, that you may be ready to "give to every one that asketh you, a reason of the hope that is in you, with meekness and fear." All the shafts of infidelity shall fall harmless at your feet, if you are by grace enabled to say, "I know whom I have believed; and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day."

SAILORS' DEPARTMENT.

From the N. Y. Observer.

BETHEL RECORDS IN NEW YORK.

Sept. 3d.--Our Bethel Meetings in the month of August had a happy effect upon the hearts of many seamen and others who attended them. At one of the meetings, a ship master, after an affecting communication, made the following address:

My dear seafaring brethren, do you call on God in prayer? A prayerless person is a graceless person. You may as well hope to support your natural bodies without food, as to enjoy spiritual life without prayer, for prayer is the food of the soul! O, my dear shipmates, I am aware that you know these things, and have been taught them from your youth. Why then will you not practise them? My soul feels for you. Why will you die? My dear seamen, let us take the precious promises, and plead them before the throne of grace: God will hear us; he will receive us graciously, and love us freely. Oh that I could take words and put them into your mouths; but this is not in my power; I can only exhort you in the name of the Lord to turn to him.--Turn ye, turn ye, for why will ye die? I cannot describe my feelings, I am a poor shipwrecked sailor. God saved my life and the life of my crew when in imminent danger on the perilous deep; and he has not only saved this mortal body from a watery grave, but he gave his dear Son to die for me, and not for me only, but for all who put their trust in him."

Many important addresses and communications were made in our meetings last month, that we waive for the present, to make room for the following addresses, which were made at Bristol, England, and have been transmitted by a friend.

To Seamen.--Always take a Bible to sea with you: read it, if possible every day, and never fail of praying to God, to teach you its meaning. Jesus Christ is the Saviour of men, he came into this world to die for the chief of sinners. And should any of you soon sail, and unexpectedly be called to the bar of God, remember, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners, and whilst you are sinking into the arms of death, let your last breath ascend to heaven, crying, Lord, save, or I perish.

To Shipmasters.--Seamen are committed to your charge, and it becomes your duty to prevent swearing and drunkenness on board your ships. You have the power of prohibiting these evils, and you know that the sailor must obey your wish. Studiously encourage the worship of God upon a Lord's day; and direct your crew to read their Bibles every day. Watch over your own dispositions and temper, avoid violent rage and unnecessary threatenings; and endeavor in all your conduct to convince your crew that in you they behold not only their commanders but their friends.

To the Members of the Bethel Union.--To you, my honored brethren, who are actively employed in effecting the objects of this Society every congratulation is due. The plan you have adopted for giving to sailors the words of eternal life must succeed. God himself has solemnly declared that his word shall not return to him void.

You should remember, that for all the success of your efforts you must depend entirely upon God. The meetings of your Bethel companies will be all in vain, without divine influence to give your labor effect. Endeavor at all times to preserve humility and Christian harmony, and then proceed in your labor of love with zeal and unabating ardor, remembering that in due time you shall reap, if you faint not.

To owners of vessels.--Many among you have long realized the unspeakable blessings of the glorious Gospel. Can you then bear the thought of allowing the soul of a sailor to remain enveloped in darkness, and deformed with vice? Shall these immortal mariners embark for an endless world, without a chart to guide them, whilst this chart is in your possession? God forbid. If you could but witness for a moment the joys or the torments which await them in a future world, you would not, you could not refuse them any thing in your power to give, which would enable them to secure the one and avoid the other.

C. PRINCE.

OBITUARY.

Died in Paris, Ten. on the night of the 2d June, Mrs. Maria Armour, consort of David Armour, merchant. By the death of this excellent lady, a fond husband and two small children have suffered an irreparable loss; and indeed the whole civil and religious community. But it is the Lord; let him do what seemeth him good, for he doeth all things well.

Mrs. Armour was born in the town of Alexandria, D. C. 1793, of respectable parentage, and was educated in the city of Baltimore, residing with her grandmother, and mother, her father having died in her infancy, who taught her juvenile mind to observe all the Christian duties as taught by the Methodists. And those early lessons given to a susceptible mind did not fail to make impressions lasting as life, and did lend her a clue by which she found a crucified Saviour, whose rod and staff comforted her in life, and enabled her to pass the valley of death, shouting forth redeeming grace, and dying love. She became an inhabitant of our favored village in November last, and tho' laboring under a pulmonary consumption, and thus hindered from a full enjoyment of social society, she still declared to such as she had conversed with, that the ways of the Lord were ways of pleasantness, and that her soul was in pursuit of another habitation, viz. that building of God not made by hands, eternal in the heavens, and when called to resign her breath, she joyfully sung or said

"Loving Jesus, gentle lamb,

In thy gracious hands I am."

And fully proved that

"Jesus can make a dying bed

Feel soft as downy pillows are,

While on his breast we lean our head,

And breathe our life out sweetly there."

And here let us pause, while we survey the transition of a soul, filled with Christian hope, from these dark abodes of misery, accompanied by convulsions of ministering seraphs, to the regions of ineffable brightness.

There is a certain calm in the faithful testimony of the dying saint, which compensates the full soul for all the dreariness and agony which it experiences in the hour of bereavement and separation. While we view the happy pilgrim, nearing the shores of his eternal home, exhausted with his toilsome travels, and preparing with Christian fortitude to encounter the bleak waters of Jordan, an unutterable sensation comes over the mind, and although it is so sublime a scene, fraught with the most important lessons, yet will nature utter her language, and break out in the sympathetic feelings of humanity. As her shattered bark neared the distant shore, where angels waited her coming, her mind grew weaker, her prospect brightened. Indeed such was her glorious and animating views of her future home, that even aged Christians were greatly edified in her presence; and after a few faint struggles, her soul

Flew fearless through death's iron gate

Nor felt the terrors as she passed!

Thus gloriously and triumphantly terminated the life and sufferings of this truly pious female. She is gone; her memory has vanished from among us; no more to be an inhabitant of these low grounds, where sorrows grow. Emparadised among the blest, she has taken her harp along, to tune its golden strings to loftier notes, and loftier strains.--*Western Messenger.*

THE GATHERER.

PERSEVERANCE.

When Dr. Franklin walked into Philadelphia, with a roll of bread in his hand, little did he think what a contrast his after life would exhibit; and yet, by perseverance and industry, he placed himself at the tables of princes, and became a chief pillar in the councils of his country. The simple journeyman, eating his roll in the street, lived to become a philosopher and a statesman, and to command the respect of his country and of mankind. What a lesson for youth!

CHARACTER OF BONAPARTE.

The external appearance of Napoleon was not imposing at the first glance, his stature being only five feet six inches English. His person thin in youth, and somewhat corpulent in age, was rather delicate than robust in outward appearance, but cast in the mould most capable of enduring privation and fatigue. He rode ungracefully, and without that command of his horse which distinguishes a cavalier; so that he showed to disadvantage when riding beside such a horseman as Murat. But he was fearless, sat firm in his seat, rode with rapidity, and was capable of enduring the exercise for a longer time than most men. We have already mentioned his indifference to the quality of his food, and his power of enduring abstinence. A morsel of food, and his flask of wine hung at his saddle-bow, used in his early campaigns, to support him for days. The countenance of Napoleon is familiar to all men, every one from description, and the portraits which are to be found every where. The dark brown hair bore little marks of the attentions of the toilet. The shape of the countenance approached more than is usual in the human race, to a square. His eyes were gray, and full of expression, the pupils rather large, and the eyebrows not very strongly marked. The brow and upper part of the countenance was rather of a stern character. His nose and mouth were beautifully formed. The upper lip was very short. The teeth were indifferent, but very little shown in speaking. His smile possessed uncommon sweetness, and is stated to have been irresistible. The complexion was a clear olive, otherwise in general, colorless. The prevailing character of his countenance was grave, even to melancholy, but without any signs of severity or violence. Such was Napoleon's exterior. His personal and private character was decidedly amiable, excepting in one particular. His temper, when he received, or thought he received, provocation, especially if of a personal character, was warm and vindictive. He was an excellent husband, a kind relation, and unless when state policy intervened, a most affectionate brother.--*Scott's Life of Napoleon.*

A DREAM.

On a summer's eve, as Corylus was looking on the descending Sun, he was led to reflect on the termination of his own life. "Oh! that I could sink into my grave with the same composure as the light of the world has left my country!" He sat down, reclined his head upon his hands, and fatigued by the labors of the day, fell asleep, and dreamed that he was with his deceased brother, in his father's house, who announced to him his speedy departure from time to eternity. "I have obtained permission from God," said he, "to make your bed in your sickness--to assuage the anguish of death--to lend you through the dark valley of death, and to introduce you into the presence of God; for I have often heard you say, 'I am no more returned to tell the tale of what it is to die.' Corylus, then asked his brother what dying was. "I am not authorized," said he, "to say what it is, but am commissioned to be your guide and comfort in your afflictions. Remember that I am your brother, you never doubted my affection towards you while living, I remain the same, have full power from God to minister to you every possible comfort that wisdom can dictate, or kindness perform. I am suffered, and can therefore sympathize. I have died, and know what dying means." Corylus was comforted, he waited for the summons, but looking round on his family his heart was wounded, and the tumult of his life awoke him from his slumbers. He arose and wished his dream realised; when putting his hand into his pocket, and taking out his bible, he read, "For both he that sanctifieth and they that are sanctified, are all one; for which cause he is not ashamed to call them brethren, saying, I will declare thy name unto my brethren, in the midst of the church. I and unto my brethren, in the midst of the church. I and sing praises unto thee." "Yes," he said, "my brother has died indeed, and is alive again; I have triumphed in the merits of his cross; I have hoped in the prevalence of his intercessions; and I will rely on the efficacy of his promises, and the perpetuity of his grace. You who can separate me from the love of Christ? You who can separate me from the love of the shadow of death? I will walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me."--*Ps. lxxvi.*

A Thought for the thoughtless.--It was affecting, said by Washington, prime Minister to England, boasted by Birmingham, when rallied by those around upon his habitual seriousness. "Ah! my friends, while we laugh, all things are serious round about us. God is serious, who exerciseth such patience towards us. Christ is serious, who shed his blood for us. The Holy Ghost is serious, who striketh against the obstinacy of our hearts. The Sacred Scriptures bring to our ears the most serious, and important things. The Holy Scriptures represent to us the most serious and awful matters. The whole creation is serious in serving God, and all that are in heaven and in hell are serious. How then can man, that hath one foot in the grave, live in jest, and thoughtless levity?"

In the evening, I stepped into St. Sepulchre's Church. Dr. Rudge, a preacher of some note in the metropolis, is evening lecturer here; and we had a sermon from him in behalf of a parochial charity, which fifty-one poor boys of the parish are supported and educated. He took occasion to remark, that his official situation, (as chaplain to Newgate) often led him to hear the confessions of malefactors, under sentence of death; and that in almost every instance they ascribed their ruin to their desertion of the house of God, and the violation of the day of rest.--*Evangelist.*

Whether the following proposition Mr. Edwards was intended to guard against, or not, we do not know; but it is a good one, and women for religious worship. This proposition, if we regard time spent in discussing it, was a great gain to his friends as of great import.

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ORIGINAL COMMUN

OBSERVATIONS ON THE DOINGS OF WHICH MET AT NEW LEBANON, N.

The doings of this convention public, are proper subjects of observation. It was felt when this convention cause it was not easy to see that it resulted from it. A difference of the mode of carrying on a revival suitable subject for discussion; and ought to be censured and checked. Extravagances ought, in the first place, and proved to exist; and then rest them should be private rather than the opinion of a man, or a committee, it will avail nothing to call conventions. This course will be like evil it is intended to cure.